



HOLINESS TO THE LORD

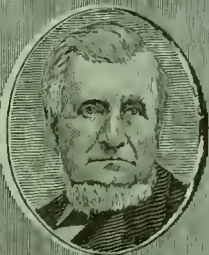
THE

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INSTRUCTOR
AN
ILLUSTRATED
MAGAZINE

Published Semi Monthly
Designed Expressly for the
Education & Elevation
of the Young

VOL. XXIV. AUGUST 15, 1889. NO. 16.

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EDITOR.
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.



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Raby W. F.

THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

VOL. XXIV.

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THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

A Semi-Monthly Magazine Devoted to the Education and Elevation of the Young.

VOL. XXIV.—No. 16. SALT LAKE CITY, AUGUST 15, 1889. TERMS: { \$2.00 per year
in advance.

THE MAORIES.

MUCH interest is manifested of late years by the Latter-day Saints in the natives of New Zealand called the Maories. This is due to the fact that, within the last ten years, Elders have been sent from Zion to proclaim the glad message of the gospel to them.

account of the introduction of the gospel and their subsequent labors among them. We thought it would not be uninteresting to give our young readers a general idea of their habits, customs, modes of living, etc., with the accompanying engraving.

New Zealand is a group of islands situated south and east of Australia in the Pacific



A MAORI FAMILY.

Their labors have been crowned with success. Large branches have been organized and some of the Church works translated into their language.

The INSTRUCTOR has published from time to time many interesting letters and articles from the pens of the missionaries giving an

Ocean, and like Australia, possesses many peculiarities of climate and natural production, and is inhabited by a number of tribes which are generally hostile to each other, but which are almost identical in appearance and habits. The case is quite different with African natives where the tribes differ from

each other in hue, dress and customs. Taken as a whole, the New Zealanders are a singularly fine race of people—tall, powerful, and well made. Though varying somewhat in shade, the color is always a brown of some kind, the complexion being sometimes as light as that of a Spaniard, and sometimes of a dark umber. The nose is straight and well-formed; the mouth is rather large, and the lips moderately full, though not resembling those of a negro. The teeth are remarkably white and even, and the feet and hands small and well proportioned. The foot is well developed, the native never having spoiled its beautiful mechanism with shoes or boots, and being accustomed to use the toes in many tasks wherein a civilized European requires his fingers. The toes are, for example, continually employed in holding one end of a rope, while the fingers are engaged in twisting or plaiting it; and the consequence is that the natives are able to ridicule with justice the misshapen feet and toes of the European. The hair is plentiful, and mostly straight, being twisted and curled by art into the various fashionable forms. In some cases it is light, or even reddish, in color; and in such instances accompanies a complexion of peculiar fairness.

There seems to be two castes of men among the New Zealanders. The upper caste is distinguished by the foregoing characteristics; but the lower is shorter in stature, and has coarse and curly, though not woolly hair, more prominent cheek bones, and a much blacker skin.

As is often the case with uncivilized people, the women are decidedly inferior to the men, being much shorter, and not nearly so well-formed. They are not treated with the harshness which is the usual characteristic of married life among savages, and are even taken into their husbands' counsels, and have great influence in political affairs. Still the heavy work of the household falls upon their shoulders, and the lot of an ordinary New Zealand wife is rather a severe one. She has to cultivate the ground, to carry the produce of the

distant fields to the house, and, when the family is traveling, the women have to carry all the heavy loads.

Unlike the men, the women do not disfigure their faces by the tattoo, which gives to them the stern and fixed expression so characteristic of a New Zealand warrior; and they thus allow the really flexible and intelligent features to have full play. The only portions of the face that are marked with the tattoo are the lips, which are rendered blue by the process, as it is considered disgraceful for a woman to have red lips.

The children are very pleasing and interesting little creatures. They are full of intelligence, and usually free and open in their manner. Unlike the children of most savage nations, they live as much with the men as with the women, and participate even in the councils of their parents, thus having their faculties sharpened at a very early age.

In proportion to the dimensions of New Zealand, the population is very small; and, even in the earliest days of our acquaintance with it the land seems to have been but thinly inhabited. According to Dieffenbach's calculation, the native population of the entire country may be reckoned rather below one hundred and fifteen thousand. These are divided into twelve great tribes, which are again sub-divided into sub-tribes, or clans, each of which has its separate name, and is supposed to belong to a certain district.

The government of the New Zealanders is a curious mixture of simplicity and complication. Monarchy is unknown, each tribe having its own great chief, while an inferior chief presides over each clan, or sub-tribe. The whole of the population may be roughly divided into three ranks. First come the nobility, then the freemen, then the slaves. The nobility go by the general name of Rangatira—a title which is always given to officers, missionaries and the other white men who are placed in command over others. In each tribe one of the Rangatira, or nobility, is the principal chief; but, as he is necessarily a Rangatira, he is always addressed by that

title, and, in consequence, a stranger finds some difficulty, even after a prolonged visit, in ascertaining who is the Ariki, or chief. The office is hereditary, and the existing Ariki is always held in the highest veneration by virtue of his descent. Even the hostile tribes respect an Ariki, and in most cases, if he should be captured in battle, the victors would spare his life. Generally the Ariki is a man of considerable mental powers, and, in such a case, he exercises great authority over the tribe, either as a priest or a warrior.

The Rangatira are the great men, or nobles of the land, and with them, as with the Ariki the rank is hereditary. The law of succession is very remarkable, the eldest son being the heir to his father's rank; but if the child dies, the youngest, and not the next eldest, becomes the lawful successor. Any Rangatira who has sufficient influence may gather together the members of his clan, build a fortified village, or *pah*, and become a petty sovereign in his own dominions.

The freemen form the great body of the warriors; some of them being the sons of Rangatira, and others merely having the privilege of free birth, which carries with it the right of tattooing the face. Sometimes a free man who is remarkable for his generalship and courage will take the command of an expedition, even though men of higher rank than himself should be engaged in it.

Last come the slaves. These are always procured from two sources: they are either captives taken in battle, or are the children of such captives. The value of such slaves is very great. All savages are idle, but the New Zealander is one of the laziest of mortals in a time of peace. In war he is all fire and spirit; but in peace he lounges listlessly about, and will not do a stroke of work that can possibly be avoided. He may perhaps condescend to carve the posts of his house into some fantastical semblance of the human form, or he may, perchance, employ himself in slowly rubbing a stone club into shape, or in polishing or adorning his weapons. Whatever real work is to be done is left to the

women or the slaves, and a man who values his wife or daughter will endeavor to procure slaves who will relieve her of her drudgery.

When a young man finds himself able to maintain a wife, he thinks about getting married, and sets about it very deliberately. Usually there is a long courtship, and as a general thing, when a young man fixes his affections on a girl, he is sure to marry her in the end, however much she or her friends may object to the match. He thinks his honor involved in success, and it is but seldom that he fails.

Sometimes she is sought by two men of tolerably equal pretensions; and when this is the case, they are told by the father to settle the matter by a pulling match. This is a very simple process, each suitor taking one of the girl's arms, and trying to drag her away to his own house. This is a very exciting business for the rivals as well as for the friends and spectators, and indeed to every one except the girl herself, who is always much injured by the contest, her arms being sometimes dislocated and always so much strained as to be useless for some time.

In former times the struggle for a wife assumed a more formidable aspect, and several modern travelers have related instances where the result has been a tragic one. If a young man has asked for a girl and been refused, his only plan is to take her by force. For this purpose he assembles his male friends, and makes up his mind to carry the lady off forcibly if he cannot obtain her peacefully. Her friends in the meantime know well what to expect, and in their turn assemble to protect her. A fierce fight then ensues, clubs, and even more dangerous weapons being freely used; and in more than one case the intended bride has been killed by one of the losing side. Sometimes, though not very often, a girl is betrothed when she is quite a child. In that case she is as strictly sacred as if she were actually a married woman.

The New Zealanders seldom have more than one wife. Examples are known where a chief has possessed two and even more wives.

Among the Maories the wife has very much more acknowledged influence than is usually the case among uncivilized people, and the wife always expects to be consulted by her husband in every important undertaking. Marriage usually takes place about the age of seventeen or eighteen, sometimes at an earlier age in the case of the woman, and a later in the case of the man.

The mode of salutation at parting and meeting is very curious among the Maories. When two persons meet who have not seen each other for some time, it is considered a necessary point of etiquette to go through the ceremony called *tangi*. They envelop themselves in their mats, covering even their faces, except one eye, squat on the ground opposite each other, and begin to weep copiously. They seem to have tears at command, and they never fail to go through the whole of the ceremony as often as etiquette demands it. Having finished their cry, they approach each other, press their noses together for some time, uttering in the meantime a series of grunts. Etiquette is now satisfied and both parties become very cheerful and lively, chatting and laughing as if there never had been such a thing as a tear in existence.

A traveler tells a ludicrous story of a *tangi* which he once witnessed. A woman was paddling a very small canoe, and fell in with the exploring party, who were in two large canoes. Seeing some friends on board of the large canoes, she ran her little vessel between them, and began a vigorous *tangi*. Time being pressing she could not stop to wrap herself up in the orthodox style, but burst into a flood of tears in the most approved fashion, and paddled and howled with equal vigor. Still crying she put on board a basket of potatoes as a present, and received in return a fig of tobacco. The *tangi* being by this time complete, the old woman burst into a loud laugh, had a lively talk with her friends, turned her little canoe round and paddled briskly out of sight.

The manner in which the natives can produce such torrents of tears is really marvelous;

and they exhibit such apparent agony of grief, acting the part to such perfection, that for sometime a stranger can hardly believe that the profusely weeping natives are simply acting a conventional part.

Our engraving represents a Maori house in front of which sits a large family. A genuine New Zealander has great love for fresh air and hence is seldom found indoors, except when asleep. Indeed, the natives do not look upon a house as a place wherein to live, but merely as a convenient shelter from the elements by day and a comfortable sleeping-place by night. As soon as evening is near, a fire is lighted in the middle of the house, which fills it with smoke, as there is no chimney. The New Zealander, however, seems to be smoke-proof, and sits composedly in a place which would drive one of ourselves half mad with smarting eyes. Within each *pah*, or enclosed village, are a number of houses, similar to the one in the engraving, each representing a family, and separated from each other by fences, several houses generally standing near each other in the same enclosure. A full-sized house is about forty feet long by twenty wide, and is built on precisely the same principle as their tombs, being sheltered from the weather by a gable roof, which extends far beyond the walls, so as to form a sort of veranda. The roof is supported on separate posts, and does not, as with our own houses, rest upon the walls of the house. The roof always projects greatly at the principal end of the house, in which the door is situated, so that it forms a sort of shed, under which the members of the family can shelter themselves from the sun or rain without going into the house.

It is said that this interesting race is fast disappearing, and that in a comparatively few years it is certain that not a Maori of pure blood will be found in the islands. It appears that the introduction of the gospel among them has been most opportune, including as it does the temporal as well as the spiritual salvation of the race or people who conform their lives to its precepts. They have received

the gospel in great numbers and if they continue steadfast in the truth the decadence and final extinction of a race of excellent natives will be averted. L.

AN UNPOLISHED DIAMOND.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 351]

ONE day, therefore, as I was taking a brief rest I said: "Jack, you know that I mean well by you, and that I have real sympathy for your sad lot. Do not blame me, therefore, if I plainly ask you why you did not acknowledge your guilt before the court or afterwards to the minister? You would thereby certainly have made more friends, for it is your continued denial that has caused the enmity of all towards you."

With his eyes directed to the ground, Jack had quietly listened to me. Now he quickly raised his eyes, and with a peculiar expression looked me straight in the face; "My denial! do you think anyone can affirm that I said I did not do it?"

"No! but when one instead of confessing remains dumb to every question and appeal, it is then the same as a denial."

"And if I had nothing to confess, how then?"

"Jack," said I being struck by his expression and looks, "what do you mean by that?"

For a few moments he stared silently before him, weighing apparently in his mind a difficult problem. Finally he said softly; "The gentleman has entered my hut which has been avoided by everyone; he has addressed me as an honorable man, and has given me his hand, which for twenty-five years no one else has done. This I will never forget. He shall therefore hear what is unknown to all save myself and my heavenly Father. But first give me your solemn promise that what I am about to relate shall never pass your lips while I live."

I promised, and awaited with the most intense interest his further narrative.

"I do not know," commenced the old man, "if the gentleman, who has grown so beautiful and to whom everyone must be kind, can understand the sorrow of a poor, misformed creature who, so long as he can remember, has known nothing but ridicule, scorn and abuse. Such things are, of course, often more the result of thoughtlessness than evil intent, but as a burning coal makes a painful wound so does continued oppression and ridicule make the spirit false and bad. Then it is said, 'See the wicked cripple!' No one seems to think that he has helped to make him such."

"I was an orphan reared at the expense of the district, that means, driven from one place to another, and have had more than enough cruel words and blows, but seldom a kind expression. True, I was not able to repay those who provided for me, as were other strong and healthy boys who could assist their benefactors in the stable or field.

"In school it was the same, and the boys took delight in railing at me at every opportunity. The worst of all, however, was Muckel of Lehnhof. I do not know what I should have done but for Sepp of the Erlen mill who always gave me protection. Sepp! O sir, if you had only known him, a most excellent boy! He was the only one in the entire village from whom I never received an unkind word, and whenever he had anything, whether a beautiful red apple or something else that was nice, he never rested until he had slipped the half of it into my hand. Time and time again he carried me on his shoulders into the woods that I might be present at the gathering of berries and nuts, for it was impossible for me with my weak legs to walk such a distance. And when I would be lying in the grass raging and crying because of some new outrage at the hands of Muckel, he would patiently sit by my side and speak comforting words until I again became quiet. Then he would go and thrash Muckel until he was nearly black and blue. In the whole world there was nothing dearer to me than Sepp, and I often wished that something

might happen whereby I could show him my love and thankfulness, for I was ready at any moment to give my life for him.

"Thus it stood with us until we grew to be young men. When Sepp went to church on a Sunday morning dressed in his best I felt as happy and proud as he, and I was glad when I saw the maidens cast sly and loving glances at him. You may well believe that a better form or finer face than his could not be found in the whole neighborhood. Sepp had also arranged for me to learn to play the fiddle, and thereafter I played at the dances where all was merry. How cheerfully have I fiddled when I saw Sepp on the floor with his partner, the pretty Nani, swinging on his arm! Nani was a beautiful girl, and Muckel had also tried to win her affections; but she would have nothing whatever to do with him, and on her account there had been many a severe struggle between him and Sepp. For when Sepp had drunk more than enough to quench his thirst, he lost his head and did not even know himself. Before long, however, Nani was married to Sepp, and then such a joyful time as we had is seldom seen. Muckel was the only one to show a mournful face. Nani had a kind heart, and she was glad when I came out of the room and sat and talked for a few moments with her and the groom on this happy evening.

"After a time there was born at the mill a hearty little son, and Sepp almost went crazy for joy about it. As I hobbled out to his place to offer my congratulations, he seized me by the arm and cried, 'Ha, ha, Jack! Come with me to the beer hall, and drink to the health of my son. I treat the whole village today.'

"We accordingly went to the beer hall where we found company enough, for it was a holiday. Unfortunately Muckel was also there and partly intoxicated. It soon came to harsh words between him and Sepp, the latter having also drunk, in his paternal joy, too many glasses of beer. Nor did Muckel leave me undisturbed, for he sought to annoy Sepp by his attacks on me. He said I should look

about for a maid who was as comely and beautiful as I was. It would greatly please him to dance at my wedding, and so he continued to scoff at me until my passion became uncontrollable and I shouted, 'Shut your mouth, Muckel, or you will repent it. I have already a heavy account against you.'

" 'Oh,' he exclaimed, and struck the table till the glasses rattled. 'You threaten me, you hunch-backed scamp you! Think you that because he,' pointing to Sepp, 'stands behind you that I am afraid to say or do what I like?'

"With this he started for me, but Sepp gave him a blow that sent him sprawling, saying at the same time. 'Do you want more of that sort, you cowardly scoundrel? If so, come on, there is plenty more in reserve.'

"In an instant Muckel was again on his feet, and like a madman attacked Sepp. They fought until it seemed that one or the other must certainly be killed. This time Muckel succeeded in gaining the mastery and Sepp was forced out of the door as his victor shouted after him, 'There you have it! Enter that door again and I will kill you. And about your precious Nani, you got her because I refused her. She was not good enough for me.'

"Thus with a loud laugh he slammed the door. As Sepp heard his words he gave a loud cry and started to run in the direction of Lehnhof. I grasped him and held as fast as I could. 'Sepp, Sepp,' I cried, 'Muckel did not know what he was saying, he was drunk. Go home, I beg of you, or you will do something wicked.'

" 'That will I, you may be sure.'

"With this he shook loose from me and sprang away.

"I cried after him in great terror, for as I have said when Sepp was drunk he was not himself and I feared the worst. He would not, however, hear me. As fast as my poor legs would carry me I hastened after him, but he was soon out of my sight."

E. Wittemann.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A CHILD'S PRAYER.

IS THERE any human being possessed of reason that is not susceptible to the influence of an innocent child's presence and prattle? Is there a heart so hard as not to be moved at the pleadings of one of these jewels from the kingdom of heaven? If such creatures there be upon this beautiful earth, they must be in a sorrowful condition indeed. Such must have lost every resemblance to the great Redeemer whose heart was touched at the sight of the innocents whom His disciples would have forbidden to approach Him. One of the most pleasing scenes of His glorious life was where He took these same little ones in His arms and said, "of such is the kingdom of heaven." The great Father hears no sweeter music than that produced by the humble prayer or thanksgiving of a little child. His ears are never closed to such breathings.

That parents should carefully teach their children to pray, no Latter-day Saint will deny, and those who neglect this important duty are not free from sin. Though parents may have many weaknesses and imperfections themselves, yet if they but teach their children to pray to God they are not entirely unworthy of their offspring or of having them under their care.

A pathetic incident comes from a Chicago court illustrating this point:

Two brothers, William and Duliss Chrisman quarreled over William's desertion of his wife. William claimed he wasn't married to the woman, although he had had two children by her, because she was divorced and they were both Catholics. He testified that she had kept a disorderly house and that she wasn't a fit custodian for her children. The woman wept and eagerly besought the judge not to believe his statements, saying: "I have raised my children as they should be brought up."

"Well," said his Honor, "I'll test it, madam," and he turned to the little girl, who was clinging to her mother, and said abruptly: "You say your prayers."

Then ensued a most touching scene. The

little girl climbed from her chair, knelt on the floor with policeman, judge and her father and mother around her, and folding her tiny hands and lifting her eyes to heaven she made the grandest possible defence of a mother's word. Slowly, but distinctly, this child, born with the stain of shame upon her and discarded by her father, lisped in childish accents the Lord's Prayer. As she proceeded, utterly oblivious of her surroundings, rough men who had not heard a prayer for years, bowed their heads and many wept. Then the childish voice ended with "God bless papa, mamma and Uncle Duliss. Amen."

The case was settled, and had William Chrisman sworn to a thousand oaths that his wife was bad he would have been disbelieved. It was several minutes before anyone spoke, and then the recorder fined the two brothers fifteen dollars each and dismissed court.

Would not all readers of the JUVENILE have felt that the mother was worthy of having the care of her children? C.

 LOVE.

THOU demandest what is love? It is that powerful attraction towards all that we conceive, or fear, or hope beyond ourselves, when we find within our own thoughts the chasm of an insufficient void, and seek to awaken in all things that are, a community with what we experience within ourselves. If we reason, we would be understood; if we imagine, we would that the airy children of our brain were born anew within another's; if we feel, we would that another's nerves should vibrate to our own, that the beams of their eyes should kindle at once, and mix and melt into our own; that lips of motionless ice should not reply to lips quivering and burning with the heart's best blood. This is love. This is the bond and the sanction which connects not only man with man, but with everything which exists. We are born into the world, and there is something within us which, from the instant that we live, more and more thirsts after its likeness.

For Our Little Folks.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON CHURCH HISTORY PUBLISHED IN No.

14, VOL. XXIV.

1. How did the Saints feel after the meeting we described in our last chapter? A. They were relieved, and though full of sadness because of the death of Joseph and Hyrum, they were thankful that they were not without a leader, the man whom God had chosen having been plainly pointed out to them.

2. Who seemed to be disappointed at the turn affairs had taken? A. Rigdon, Marks and a few others, apostates in their feelings, did not wish the Twelve Apostles to preside.

3. Why were they dissatisfied with the action that had been taken? A. Because they had other plans concerning the leading of the Church, and they had had secret councils and made secret arrangements upon the subject.

4. What has become of men who have attempted to usurp authority over the Church of Christ and His people? A. They have been overthrown.

5. How did Rigdon appear outwardly towards the course which had been adopted? A. For a short time he appeared to submit to the presiding of the Twelve Apostles; but he only did so until he could get his plans matured.

6. What did he set about to do? A. He secretly collected those who

sympathized with him together, and every other one whom he could tempt and deceive by his cunning words and false statements, and held meetings, in which he promised them wonderful things, and went so far as to ordain some of them to prophets, priests and kings.

7. What was the result of these actions? A. His hypocrisy soon became public; the whole Church soon learned, what the Twelve Apostles had long been aware of, that he was an apostate and an enemy to the truth.

8. How did he exhibit his position finally? A. He came out openly and opposed the Church, denounced its leaders and endeavored to seduce the people to commit the same folly and to practice the same wickedness of which he was guilty.

THE names of those who correctly Answered the Questions on Church History published in No. 14, are as follows: Heber C. Blood, James G. West, Jennetta Blood, Henry H. Blood and Ella Jarvis.

QUESTIONS ON CHURCH HISTORY.

1. WHEN our Savior was on the earth what did He say to His disciples regarding the love of the world? 2. Are not these words as true and applicable to His Saints today as they were when He spoke them? 3. How long will the world continue to hate the truth and the people of God? 4.

When do people who profess to be Saints exhibit signs of apostasy? 5. Why? 6. What was the position of Rigdon in this regard? 7. How did the wicked look upon his movements? 8. Why did the wicked manifest so much interest in his movements? 9. When they saw that he had no success in his schemes, and that the work of God prospered, notwithstanding all his efforts and opposition, how did they act towards him? 10. How was it with President Young, the Twelve Apostles and the Saints associated with them?

JUST A HINT TO BOYS.

I STOOD in a store, the other day, when a boy came in and applied for a situation.

"Can you write a good hand?" was asked.

"Yaas."

"Good at figures?"

"Yaas."

"Know the city well?"

"Yaas."

"That will do—I don't want you," said the merchant.

"But," I said, when the boy had gone, "I know that lad to be an honest boy. Why don't you give him a chance?"

"Because he hasn't learned to say 'Yes, sir.' and 'No, sir.' If he answers me as he did when applying for a situation, how will he answer customers after being here a month?"

What could I say to that? He had fallen into a bad habit, young as he was, which turned him away from the first situation he applied for.

AS QUICK AS THE TELEPHONE.

ONE night a well-known citizen of a western city who had been walking for some time in the downward path, came out of his house and started down town for a night of carousal with some of his old companions he had promised to meet. His young wife had besought him with imploring eyes to spend the evening with her, and had reminded him of the time when evenings passed in her company were all too short. His little daughter had clung about his knees and coaxed in her pretty, willful way, for "papa" to tell her some bedtime stories; but habit was stronger than love for child and wife, and he eluded her tender questions by the deceits and excuses which are the convenient refuge of the intemperate, and so went on his way.

When he was some blocks distant from his home, he found that in changing his coat he had forgotten to remove his wallet, and he could not go out on a drinking bout without money; even though he knew his family needed it, and his wife was economizing every day more and more in order to make up his deficits. So he hurried back and crept softly past the window of his little home, in order that he

might steal in and obtain it without running the gauntlet of either questions or caresses.

But as he looked through the window something stayed his feet. There was a fire in the grate within, for the night was chill. It lit up the little parlor and brought out in startling effect the pictures on the wall. But these were nothing to the pictures on the hearth. There in the soft glow of the firelight, knelt his child at her mother's feet, her small hands clasped in prayer, her fair head bowed; and as the rosy lips whispered each word with childish distinctness, the father listened, spell-bound, to the words which he himself had so often uttered at his mother's knees—"Now I lay me down to sleep."

His thoughts ran back to his boyhood hours; and as he compressed his bearded lips he could see in memory the face of that mother, long since gone to her rest, who taught his own infant lips prayers which he had long ago forgotten to utter.

The child went on and completed her little verse, and then, as prompted by the mother, continued, "God bless mamma, papa and my own self"—then there was a pause, and she lifted her troubled blue eyes to her mother's face.

"God bless papa," prompted the mother softly,

"God bless papa," lisped the little one.

"And—please send him home sober."

He could not hear the mother as she said this; but the child followed in a clear, inspired voice;

"God—bless—papa—and—please—send—him—home—sober, Amen."

Mother and child sprang to their feet in alarm when the door opened so suddenly; but they were not afraid when they saw who it was returned so soon. But that night, when little Mary was being tucked up in bed, after such a romp with papa, she said in the sleepest and most contented of voices:

"Mamma, God answers 'most as quick as the telephone, doesn't He?"

Selected.

BE CALM.

"WILL putting yourself in a passion mend the matter?" said an old man to a boy who had picked up a stone to throw at a dog. The dog had only barked at him in play.

"Yes, it will mend the matter," answered the passionate boy, and quickly threw the stone.

The dog became enraged, sprang at the boy and bit his leg, while the stone bounded against a shop window and broke a pane of glass.

Out ran the shop-keeper and seized the boy, and made him pay for the broken pane.

He had mended the matter finely indeed!

Take my word for it, it never did

and never will mend a matter to get into a passion. If the thing be hard to bear when you are calm, it will be harder when you are in anger.

If you have met with a loss, you will only increase it by losing your temper.

There is something very little-minded and silly in giving way to sudden passion. Set yourself against it with all your heart.

Try to be calm in your little troubles; and when greater ones come you will be the better able to bear them bravely.

HARRY'S CHICKENS.

SAMMY BRENT lived "way down South," and was just as full of mischief as a boy of thirteen could be. One evening he came home after a ramble through the woods and by the river, and said to his brother Harry, who was eight years younger than himself,—

"Harry, you take these three eggs and put them in a box of sand, and set it in the sun, and after a while you'll have three of the funniest chickens you ever saw."

Harry followed his brothers directions, and morning, noon and night, he might be seen watching for his brood to poke their bills up out of the sand. At last, one hot day, just before noon, the sand began to move, and the queerest kind of a chicken came out. It had a long horny bill,

a long flat body, without feathers or wings, four feet and a tail nearly as long as its body. As soon as Harry's excited eyes could see clearly, he exclaimed, "O! it's a alligator! it's a alligator come out of an egg!"

If Harry had been a little older, he would have known that the alligators bury their eggs in the sand, and wait for the sun to hatch them, and as soon as the young alligators appear, the mother conducts them to the water.

REASON WHY.

"**W**HY were you not at the Sabbath school this morning?"

"I did not have my new hat," said a little girl that loved dress very much.

"I did not get up in time to get ready," said one that is not very industrious.

"I had lost my book, and was all the morning hunting for it," said a careless one.

"I was playing, and forgot it," said a thoughtless boy.

"It was too cold," said a little girl with warm clothes and good shoes.

"My teacher is hardly ever there, and I thought it of no use to go," said one who wanted a teacher.

"I went to the country, and did not get back in time," said an indifferent girl.

"I was sick," said a boy who had eaten all the cake his mother had.

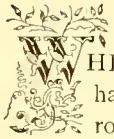
The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, AUGUST 15, 1889.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

The United Order.



WHEN Elisha sent out to Naaman, who had come to him to be cured of his leprosy, that he must go to the river Jordan and wash seven times, the Syrian general was offended at the message, and he asked: "Are not Abana and Pharpar—rivers of Damascus—better than all the waters of Israel?" His dignity was offended, and he went off in a rage; for he expected the prophet of God to come to him personally and administer to him. He had servants, however, who seemed to possess a great deal of good sense. They remonstrated with their master, and said: "If the prophet had told thee to do some great thing, wouldst thou not have done it? How much rather, then, when he saith, wash, and be clean?" These remarks brought Naaman to his senses, and he went and did as the prophet commanded and was made whole.

It is very often the case that simple requirements are overlooked and thought unworthy of notice, because of a desire to do some great thing, yet the Lord many times gives us the most simple means to bring about the greatest results. Among the Latter-day Saints requirements which may be viewed as small, are frequently neglected, and those who do so, perhaps, indulge in the idea that if any great requirement were made of them they would be eager and glad to comply with it. The manner in which many people treat the Word of Wisdom is an illustration of this.

The United Order will, sooner or later, be introduced and be lived up to among the Latter-day Saints. Faithful Saints all look forward to this time, and considerable expectations are indulged in concerning the grand

results that will follow its proper introduction. Every thinking man who looks at our situation in business affairs can perceive that, unless something is done in this connection towards reforming our business methods, we shall be exposed to the evils which prevail in Babylon; and if those evils flourished among us when the time for the downfall of Babylon should come, we should share in her disasters.

But in reflecting upon this subject the question arises, Are the Latter-day Saints prepared, as a people, for this holy order and the changes which will accompany its introduction? No doubt there are many in the Church whose faith is sufficient to enable them to receive and practice the principles which God has revealed in connection with the United Order. But when Latter-day Saints fail to pay their tithing and to perform the simple duties connected therewith, which are so clearly enjoined by the Lord, and obedience to which is looked upon as an evidence of faith, how can we expect that these parties will be prepared for that higher order, and that unselfish devotion to others' interests which the establishment of the United Order would require? If a man is reluctant about paying his tithing and neglects to do so, how can it be expected that, if a stewardship were assigned unto him according to the revelations given in early days, he would pay the surplus of his property, at the end of a year or any other given period, into the treasury of the Lord, for the public benefit and the benefit of poor members of the United Order. Can we believe that a man who would not pay his tithing would have faith sufficient to obey this greater requirement and be honest and strict therein? Can it be reasonably expected that a man who pays his tithing in a penurious or grudging manner would give his surplus property with that unselfishness which would be necessary in the United Order?

Before the United Order can be a success with us, or any change of this character in our business relations, there must be an increase of faith. Men must obey this law upon principle, and must have entire confi-

dence in the Lord and in this plan which He has revealed as the method by which His people shall be made one. It required faith on the part of men to go into the waters of baptism. It required faith in the principles of gathering, to sustain the Saints in making the journey from their homes to the place which the Lord had designated for His people to gather to. So with every other principle; it requires faith on the part of those who obey it in order to sustain them in their operations. There must be unselfish faith developed among us, as a people, before this holy order can be successfully maintained among us. God will so shape circumstances, sooner or later, that His people will see and appreciate the advantages of being bound together in the manner that He has made plain in His revelations. Pressure will be brought to bear upon us in one form and another until this great end will be accomplished. He will bring it about in His own time and in His own way.

But in the meantime, what is the plain duty of the people of God? It is to strictly obey the law of tithing—to give a tenth of all they earn and of their increase, in the way God has commanded, and not do so grudgingly or reluctantly, but to esteem it a pleasure to have this great privilege. If we possess a surplus, we should not confine ourselves to the exact tithing. If we wish to prepare ourselves for the days to come, and to show by our faith that we are willing to receive this higher law pertaining to the United Order, we should be willing to approach as nearly as possible to the surplus which God will require, under the system of stewardships, to be paid into His treasury.

Our children should be taught this principle, that faith may be developed in their hearts, and that they may, as they grow, be prepared to carry out the law of the Lord, in the way which He has indicated.

HEART.—A man's own heart must ever be given to gain that of another.

A LESSON OF GRATITUDE.

A GENTLEMAN making inquiries in Russia about the method of catching bears in that country, was told that to entrap them a pit was dug several feet deep, and after covering it over with turf, leaves, etc., some food was placed on the top. The bear, tempted by the bait, easily fell into the snare.

"But," he added, "if four or five happen to get in together, they will all get out again."

"How is that?" asked the gentleman.

"They form a sort of ladder by stepping on each other's shoulders and thus make their escape."

"But how does the bottom one get out?"

"Ah! these bears, though not possessing a mind and soul such as God has given us, yet feel gratitude; and they won't forget the one who has been the chief means of procuring their liberty. Scampering off, they fetch the branch of a tree, which they let down to their brother, enabling him to join them in the freedom in which they rejoice."

Sensible bears, we would say, are better than some people that we hear about, who never help anybody but themselves.

JUSTICE AND MERCY.

NO OBLIGATION to justice does force a man to be cruel, or to use the sharpest sentence. A just man does justice to every man and to every thing; and then, if he be also wise, he knows there is a debt of mercy and compassion due to the infirmities of man's nature, and that is to be paid: and he that is cruel and ungentle to a sinning person, and does the worst to him, dies in his debt and is unjust. Pity, and forbearance, and long-sufferance, and fair interpretation, and excusing our brother, and taking in the best sense, and passing the gentlest sentence, are as certainly our duty, and owing to every person that does offend and can repent, as calling to account can be owing to the law, and are first to be paid; and he that does not so is an unjust person.

MY VISIT TO EASTERN LANDS.

LOVE making and marriages are so romantic in all countries, and not less so in the East, where still linger many old biblical practices, or quite distinct features of them. We doubt not but that the story recorded in Genesis (xxiv) could well be represented in these days, that is to say so far as the part of man is concerned. As in the days of Rebekah, having the face veiled was the fashion, so it also largely prevails with the ladies of these days, while bridal ornaments are still given to the lady betrothed. Young people scarcely ever make up a marriage themselves, but the match is arranged by their relatives and friends, or, more rarely, by men or women who have adopted this strange profession for gain.

The writer has interested himself greatly with these customs and been a guest at two weddings. Since acquiring a knowledge of the vernacular of the people, they have at times amused him with little love tales, one of which is repeated for the INSTRUCTOR, and it may serve well as a sketch of their marriage customs. Many other little incidents are also introduced, being strictly oriental. The story is founded upon facts, slightly colored with the pen.

It is in the lovely little city of Gerun,

located on the headwaters of the Euphrates, where reside Mr. Yervant Marvian and Miss Nunca Sarafian, whose pictures you may find with this article. That they are both pretty need scarcely be mentioned—most orientals are good-looking. He is also smart, and for years has had sole charge of his father's little shop in the bazar of Gerun, and has made two trips to Aleppo. While at the latter place on his last trip, he came in contact with Franks and bought a new French

coat which he put on over his native dress, and, by the addition of a celuloid collar, he became pretty enough to have his photograph taken.

"I'll send my picture with the mail that goes to-morrow," Yervant said aloud to himself, as he sat looking at it in his dingy little room in a *khan* of Aleppo, and then he laid it to one side and sat buried a long while in thought. He thought of home and of what a happy life his brother Ariel was



YERVANT.

leading. Ariel had been married three months now. He was married at twenty-four, so, after Armenian customs, Yervant will also be married at that age. The elder brother is an example to the younger ones, and they are married at the same age, as near as possible. Yervant is now past twenty-two, so he may well begin thinking of his approaching marriage. Whence the girl is that will be given him he knows not, the matter rests entirely

with his parents. They will undoubtedly find one whom he can love; if not he has the sole right to reject or accept—a right which girls have not. As Yervant thus sat amusing himself with his own thoughts, he remembered that Nunca Sarafian was expected to visit Ariel's young wife, who is her cousin, and to spend a few days with her at the home of the Marvians. All young wives live with their husband's parents as daughters of the adopted family. Yervant hoped to be home at the time of the visit, but that might not be possible, as he still had a few days' work at Aleppo. And it would take at least ten days with the caravan to reach Gerun. Still he smiled to himself as he thought of his picture; if he could not be there it would, and how nobly he could be introduced by means of it—it being a *la Frank*, you know. This made Yervant doubly anxious to send it off with tomorrow's mail.

Such, in brief, was the first love-dream of Yervant—and dreams are sometimes fulfilled. But in order to see if it works according to Yervant's reasoning, we will have to follow that photograph all the way to Gerun, being thankful, however, that we do not need to go with the cross Mohammedan mail carrier. The picture reaches its destination in due time, and is truly the admiration of all the Marvians; old and young, large and small crowd around to look at it.

But where is Nunca? Nunca is not here. "I wonder why she didn't come?" said Ariel's young wife. "It may be she's sick; it certainly cannot be that the Sarafians are angry with us, they told Uncle Tores that she might come and spend a few days with me." Uncle Tores was again questioned about the matter and still maintained that she should have come yesterday.

Tores Marvian, or "Uncle Tores," is a bachelor brother of Mr. Marvian, and the two have lived these many years without dividing the estate left them by their father; family estates are most commonly undivided in the East. Uncle Tores has now given up all thought of marriage (why he is not married few persons if any know), and devotes his time, as well as means, for the welfare of his brother's family. He takes as much interest in the family as his brother can well take, and he is especially fond of Yervant, because, as he says, the



NUNCA.

young man looks so much like him. He is also a friend of the Sarafians, and often visits them. Why Nunca has not come as she promised, is a subject for speculation for him, too, as well as the younger Mrs. Marvian. After thinking awhile, he resolved to saddle the little donkey and ride out to the farm of Mr. Sarafian, which is located near the city, and see what is the matter. And then, happy thought!

he would pocket Yervant's picture; it would undoubtedly prove interesting to the Sarafians, as photographs are scarce in Gerun at best, and especially such as can sport a new French coat and white collar.

All was accordingly done, and that lazy little donkey is now sauntering off in the direction of the farm of the Sarafians, with Uncle Tores kicking the under part of his belly with the inside of his shoes, as if keeping time to the gait.

That same photograph seems filled with some peculiar power in favor of Nunca, for when Uncle Tores reaches the silent road outside of the city, it is taken from the pocket and he gazes at it intently a long time. He gazed at it so long, in fact, that it seemed as though he could see two faces—the one the pleasant features of Nunca by the side of Yervant's. Then Uncle Tores smiled to himself, and put the picture back in his pocket. He evidently thought how nice it would be could those two be joined in wedlock; but as the situation was fully weighed, it seemed no easy matter.

The Marvians are not rich, although they can live quite comfortably when all labor. They own a nice house and orchard, and are thus free from rent, while the little shop in the bazar is also their own. Mr. Marvian and Ariel, his eldest son, work as merchants in other cities, while Yervant takes care of the shop at Gerun, and Uncle Tores chores about and takes life easy in general. The Sarafians are staunch Armenians in faith as well as nationality, and are much better fixed financially than the Marvians. Nunca is the only daughter, but two brothers help their father on the farm. She is now sixteen past, and admired by richer families than the Marvians ever will be. All this was considered by Uncle Tores, nor did he forget that the Sarafians were Armenians by faith and the Marvians Protestants.

Now the farm is reached. Nunca modestly greets him welcome, and as her brothers are at work, she takes care of the donkey. First she tells, however, that mother has been sick,

but is better, and invites him to go in the house. Mrs. Sarafian is much pleased to see Uncle Tores; she always likes to see him, and he is *salaamed* after the custom of the East, and told that he "comes with pleasure or joys." Nunca returns from taking care of the donkey, when the *salaaming* is repeated, each person brings the hand to the forehead, the one saying, "You come with pleasure," and the other, "We meet, or find each other with pleasure." Then there is a long talk between Uncle Tores and Mrs. Sarafian, while Nunca sits knitting. Suddenly the picture is remembered, and Uncle Tores quickly takes it from his pocket and hands it to Nunca. She opens wide her lovely brown eyes and then moves over beside her mother, who, like all others, is sitting squatted on a mat, chairs not being known, and they together take a long look at it, while Uncle Tores tells who it is and that the coat and white collar are French. "Yervant," he continues, "is in Aleppo, from whence he will return in a few days." And then he cannot refrain from telling a few stories illustrative of how smart Yervant is, all of which Nunca hears with great interest, taking occasionally an approving glance at the photograph. Uncle Tores is a good story-teller, and he does not forget to remind them that Yervant looks like him. "Don't you think so, Nunca?" he asks.

She hangs her head, blushes sweetly and says that there might be some resemblance if only Uncle Tores had a French coat and a white collar.

These Armenian girls are as fond of fashion as any on the face of this big world; and when the European mode once finds them it quickly turns their little heads and destroys their native customs. I am thoroughly convinced that the simple native dress of the women is far superior to the costumes of the nineteenth century in all that pertains to comfort and health. Take a look at Nunca's dress. For head-dress she wears a thin cloth, or *yashmak*, which she may wear as a veil by bringing up the surplus from under the chin so as to hide the mouth and nose. She wears

a short jacket or waist, highly and artistically embroidered front and back with needle work. Around the waist, on the outside of her clothing, is wrapped a long woolen scarf, which looks a little ungainly, but the climate evidently requires this precaution, and we find it alike worn by the men. It is an ancient custom, and the Bible makes many beautiful figures in speaking in regard to it. "Let your loins be girded about and your lights burning." (*Luke .xvii, 35.*) The skirts are so simple that Nunca can take a big, wide step. Her shoes are large and wide, and when she walks the foot is planted flat on the ground, and still no smaller or prettier foot can anywhere be found than what these Oriental women have. Nunca's whole appearance will please any sensible man, because her garb lends a glow of health to the cheeks and a merry twinkle in her eyes that have peculiar charms.

The night is past, the visit over, and Uncle Tores is about to start home; he declares he has had a most pleasant time. Nunca gives him the picture, and adds that she looked at it so much last night that she actually saw Yervant most of the night in her dreams. Now the little donkey is again on the road, and Uncle Tores keeps up his continual kicking until home is reached. Here Ariel's young wife received Nunca's excuse and the news that she would come sure, if nothing bad happened, "not next week but the other," to use Nunca's own words and a common expression of the people in trying to say week after next; and then there were *salaams* from the Sarafians to the Marvians in general.

Yervant came home from Aleppo the latter part of the next week, and the "other" week came as soon as expected. A little room was furnished for Nunca by her cousin, the young wife. It was simple, like the furnishing of all Oriental houses. A little divan, or sort of sofa, was placed in the room and covered over with white linen, a blanket-like spread was placed on the floor, and on it two mats and a white goat's skin dyed purple round the edges.

As an extra finish, a looking-glass 8x12 inches with gilt edges was hung on the wall over the divan. A window in the east without glass looked out on the garden and orchard, now in full bloom. Such are the arrangements for Nunca's comfort.

Next morning Nunca arrived, true to her word. She came horse-back, riding after the fashion of the East, with a leg on either side, and using extra short stirrups. Her brother accompanied her to return with the horses. When night came and Yervant returned from the bazar, he heard from his mother that Nunca had come to visit Ariel's wife, and he longed to see her. But such a thing was not possible, as strange women on visits always keep close to the women's apartment, and never are seen unveiled with a man when not acquainted.

The first day passed, and the second also, without Yervant seeing Nunca. The third day, at night, he had returned from work and sat smoking in his room up stairs with the window-shutter opened out toward the garden, when he caught sight of Nunca walking veiled in the garden with Ariel's young wife. A peculiar sensation crept over him at the sight of her, and he stepped back into his little room, but he could not, for the life of him, refrain from taking an occasional peep at the two strollers.

The next day Yervant resolved to take his evening's smoke in the garden, and perchance he might see the young ladies again. This was done; and he had no sooner gotten an easy position under a large fig tree than the girls came out for their evening's walk. This evening found Yervant not so bashful, and as they passed the place where he sat he actually managed to say something right comical to his sister-in-law, Ariel's wife, at which all three had a hearty laugh.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



TAKE heed of a speedy professing friend; love is never lasting which flames before it burns.

PAUL.

[CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 348.]

PAUL'S nephew (his sister's son), by the instructions of his uncle, revealed the conspiracy against Paul's life to Claudius Lyrias, the chief captain in command of the Roman troops at Jerusalem, who had already interfered and saved Paul from a violent assault from the Jews. Learning that Paul was a Roman, his sympathies were at once enlisted in favor of Paul, and against "the accursed race" (so-called by Romans) whom they held under tribute.

The chief captain, from the revelations made known to him by Paul's nephew, saw that Paul's life was in imminent danger, and aware of the cunning and daring of the Jews, he determined at once upon sending him away to a place of greater safety. And presently Paul, the little, whose life once dangled at the end of a rope in a frail basket, is in the midst of a cohort of Roman legionaries. He is splendidly mounted and surrounded by a superb body guard of nearly five hundred men; although a prisoner, he was treated with the respect that became a Roman. Protected from violence, he rode more like king than prisoner, and the officer in command bore a letter to Felix the governor at Cæsarea reading as follows: "This man was taken of the Jews, and should have been killed of them, and then came I with an army and rescued him, having understood that he was a Roman."

These were the proudest days of Rome's imperial sway, as referred to by the poet, Miss Mitford, when she put the words in Rienzi's mouth some 1300 years later, "In that elder day to be a Roman was greater than to be a king." And so our hero rode on his way under the starlit skies of Palestine, reflecting on "what great things he was suffering for His name's sake."

This attention from the greatest power on earth (from which but a few years prior there went out a decree from Cæsar Augustus that *all the world should be taxed*) had its effect

upon the mind of Paul, although he needed no other assurances of the divinity of the work in which he was engaged. The fierce, cruel wrath of the Jews towards him, whose evil intent and power was so great as to engage the attention of a Roman army to check it, all this caused the active mind of Paul to gather further material to build up within him a power and spirit to the conviction of others, such as burst forth from him, as we presently shall see, when he stands before King Agrippa.

Cæsarea was at this time a proud and splendid seaport, one of Herod, the builder's, most magnificent works, its temples, amphitheater and baths all belonging to that high order of architecture for which Herod was so renowned. Here, in 65 A. D., in a dispute between the Syrian and Jewish citizens, some twenty thousand Jews were killed in the space of one hour; therefore it was a city of no mean renown. It was at this city the soldiers delivered Paul, and soon he is brought before King Agrippa, who, together with Bernice, with great pomp entered into the place of hearing with the chief captains and principal men of the city. The display and parade on this occasion no doubt were very great, but Paul was sustained by the righteousness of his cause—his clear reasoning and fine powers of oratory won him the respect of this eminent Roman, himself learned in the sciences and arts, and had no doubt listened to the oratory of the most eminent men with whom the "eternal city" was then gifted. But the brilliancy of Paul's power had so wondrous an effect on Festus that he first sought to escape from the convictions of his soul in listening to Paul's array of evidence in favor of the Messiah's identity by accusing him of being mad. Said he, "Paul, thou art beside thyself; much learning doth make thee mad." Repudiating this false theory, Paul returned the attack with the statement, "For the king knoweth of these things, before whom also I speak freely: for I am persuaded that none of these things are hidden from him; for this thing was not done in a corner. King

Agrippa, believest thou the prophets? I know that thou believest." Then Agrippa answered, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." Paul replied, "I would to God, that not only thou, but also all that hear me this day, were both almost, and altogether such as I am, except these bonds."

"In perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by mine own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren"—in all this harsh experience Paul remained true to the faith and the cause of the Redeemer. Of the Jews five times he received forty stripes save one, thrice beaten with rods, once was stoned, thrice ship-wrecked, a night and a day had he been in the deep.

At last Paul, wearied with the toils of possibly thirty-two years' labor for his Master's cause, tells Timothy amidst his complaints of the action of false brethren towards him, that he is ready to be offered, feeling that the time of his departure from this world was nigh at hand. He had finished his course *and kept the faith*, feeling assured that there was laid up for him a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, would give him. We are told this was written to Timothy from Rome, when Paul was brought the second time before Nero.

This, no doubt, was Paul's last letter, for soon after this he was beheaded at Rome by the order of the tyrant Nero, about 67 A. D., his death, together with thousands of others of the early day saints, being precipitated by the burning of Rome, which was charged to the Christians. Nero made use of this false accusation to put to death the saints in the most cruel manner, and on this occasion Paul became a martyr in accord with the *role* of the prophets and servants of God, and sealed his testimony with his blood.

Albert Jones.

BORROWED FIVE DOLLARS.

MR. MORELL was reading in the evening paper to his wife and daughter.

"Here's a surprising thing. Robert Harvey under arrest."

"Robert Harvey!" exclaimed Marian, in an amazed tone.

"Under arrest," said Mrs. Morell, quite as much astonished as her daughter. "For what?"

"Embezzlement. At least that's the polite name given to such things. The plain English of it is simply that he has been stealing from his employers."

"I can't believe it," said Marian.

"He certainly is the last person of whom we could expect to hear of such a thing," said her mother.

"That is true," said Mr. Morell. "I always supposed him to be a faithful, reliable young man."

"I don't like to believe it until I hear more," said Mrs. Morell. "There must be some mistake about it. Why—I have known his mother almost all my life and would almost as soon expect one of my own boys to go wrong as hers. It will surely break her heart."

"I will enquire into the matter, tomorrow," said Mr. Morell.

And on the following evening the first question was:

"What have you heard of Robert Harvey?"

"Well, the newspaper account of the matter is substantially correct—enough so at least to cast a blot upon poor Robert's character, which will probably cling to it for life. He has simply for two or three years past, been in the habit of helping himself to small sums of money from the safe of his employer, always in the hope of returning it, but, as is sure to be the case, always getting deeper and deeper in. I've known of others who did exactly the same thing, without a thought of being dishonest. They go on, finding it harder and harder to make restitution, and at length dis-

covery comes, sometimes resulting, as in Robert's case, in disgrace and arrest, sometimes in loss of situation and ruin of prospects. Of course there are very few employers who have the magnanimity to overlook such a thing and give a young fellow another chance."

"But what has Robert been doing with the money?" asked Mrs. Morell.

"Nobody seems exactly to know. He has not gambled, he has not speculated, he has not been extravagant in any special way, so far as I can learn. He appears simply to have lived a little beyond his means."

"I can guess," said Marian. "Robert is very fond of society and goes out a great deal. And you know a young fellow cannot do that without spending."

"Young fellows should not spend more than they honestly can spend," said Mr. Morell.

"Of course not, father. But I can't help seeing how hard it must be for them to know where to stop. It has got to be the fashion, when a young man takes a young lady out, to send her flowers, and as likely as not a carriage, too. It's lectures and concerts and receptions in winter, and boat rides and picnics and ice creams in summer. One thing seems to lead to another, and how can one stand back from doing what the others do? They get into it without meaning it, you see. It is expected of them."

"It is all wrong," said Mrs. Morell, shaking her head.

"I think so too," said Marian, "but what can be done about it? Must a young man keep out of society?"

"That would be rather hard on them," said her mother. "Many of them are just such fun-loving, generous fellows as Robert Harvey, ready to run into things without stopping to count the cost. It is a great pity that they cannot indulge their natural taste for the society of each other, and of nice, good girls, without being led into such embarrassments. And I do think, Marian, that these same nice, good girls might do a great deal to correct the matter."

"I dare say you are right, mother. I have more than once allowed one of the boys to spend money on me when I wondered if I really ought to. But some of the girls don't care a bit. They like to boast how much is spent on them which might just as well have been avoided."

"They do not realize what grave consequences may grow from such things," said her father.

"But what can we do about it mother?" asked Marian. "I am sure I would like to do my share. I've been sorry at seeing boys spend money when I knew it must come hard."

"Be careful, then, about allowing it for yourself, dear. And you could try to persuade your friends to join you in discouraging extravagant expenditures in young men. In a quiet, delicate way you could do a great deal in such a direction."

"I'm going to try," said Marian, soberly. "There's Philip Harmon—he's going to take me to the lecture."

* * * * *

A pleasant faced young man was shown into the room.

"It's rather stormy tonight, Miss Marian," he said, after greetings had been exchanged. "I thought possibly you might not think best to go out at all, but if you can I will have a carriage here in a few minutes."

Marian's eyes twinkled a little as she looked at her mother.

"O, I'm not delicate enough to be afraid of a little wind and sleet," she said. "It's only a few blocks to the hall, and we'll go without the carriage."

* * * * *

Three or four years later Mr. and Mrs. Philip Harmon were seated together one evening in their home.

"Another young fellow gone down," said Mr. Harmon. "James Rande has been convicted of that forgery and sentenced. Poor fellow! I thought he had very bright prospects when we started out together."

"How has it come about?" asked Marian.

"O, he was an open-handed, reckless fellow. Always going in for everything, whether he could afford it or not. By the way, Marian, do you remember that excursion on the lake you went to with me two summers ago?"

"Yes, very well."

"Do you remember that when we put in to Rocky Cove, you and I, and James Rande and Ellen Foster wandered off over the hills and managed to get left, as the steamer went further on?"

"Yes."

"Well, it was pleasant enough just where we were, I am sure, and I could have stayed there a week—with you, you know. The boat was coming back in two or three hours, but if you remember, Ellen got very impatient of remaining there, and James proposed hiring a tug and following."

"Yes, I remember that too."

"It would have cost seven or eight dollars to do it. Of course I couldn't say No, when Ellen seconded his proposal, and we should have done it if you had not objected very strongly to it. Why did you do it? I can ask you now."

"Because I thought it a great deal of money to spend in such a useless manner."

"Marian," went on her husband, more soberly, "you don't know what you did for me that day. I had been careless about money matters and was always pushed this way and that to make both ends meet. A great many young fellows have a way of borrowing money from their employers—that is, borrowing it without taking the trouble to mention it to anybody. They don't mean any harm, but when such a thing once begins there's no telling where it will end. Well, that morning I had just enough money to buy our tickets, for I had got to where I was living from hand to mouth all the time. I couldn't, of course, venture upon a day's frolic without any money for possible emergencies."

"I had been warned time and again against that very thing of helping myself to money

without leave. But I couldn't see any other way, and so I took two five dollar bills from the safe, trusting that it might not be missed before I could return it."

"Well, thanks to you, that money wasn't changed. You wouldn't consent to going in the tug, and I remember you refused when I offered to buy fruit and other stuff for you. In fact I remember all along those times you used to stand in the way of my spending money."

"It was father and mother taught me that," said Marian.

"I wish to my very heart more girls were like you," said Philip. "They don't begin to know the straits poor fellows are in sometimes—or how helpless they are when it seems the thing to spend some money on a girl. What can they do? Well, Marian, I put back the money, and the next day there were some investigations made which would have led to the discovery of what I had done. Mr. Gurney was a hard man—honest up to the last degree and inflexible in his dealings with others. If I had been found out it would have been disgrace. More than one poor chap has been ruined for no more cause than that. I tell you it scared me and I made up my mind from that time that I'd better be taking the other track."

"O, how glad I am," said Marian, in a low voice.

"Yes, be glad, dear. I wish every girl in the world were as wise, and as kind as you have been to me." S. D.

How often do we sigh for opportunities of doing good, while we neglect the openings of Providence in little things, which would frequently lead to the accomplishment of most important usefulness! Good is done by degrees. However small in proportion the benefit which follows individual attempts to do good, a great deal may thus be accomplished by perseverance, even in the midst of discouragements and disappointments.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.



IT IS clearly indicated in the Book of Mormon, which was published before the organization of the Church, and also in the early revelations which the Prophet Joseph received, that the time would come when the Gentiles would reject the gospel, as did the Jews in ancient days. Then the Elders of the Church would be required to turn their attention to the Jews or the descendants of the House of Israel. This would be in fulfillment of the Scripture which says, "So the last shall be first, and the first last." The Jews were the first to receive the message of salvation in the days of Jesus and His Apostles, and they rejected it. Then Paul and Barnabas said unto them: "It was necessary that the word of God should first have been spoken to you: but seeing ye put it from you, and judge yourselves unworthy of everlasting life, lo, we turn to the Gentiles." And the Apostles turned to the Gentiles.

In the last days, the Gentiles, being the last in the other dispensation, have had the privilege of hearing the gospel first, and the descendants of the House of Israel last.

Nearly sixty years have now elapsed since the Church was organized. During the greater part of that period, the labors of the Elders have been confined to the Gentile races. True, there have been some efforts made in Polynesia to convince those remnants of the House of Israel of the truth of the gospel, and some efforts have been made among the descendants of Lehi on this continent: but these labors have been limited in their extent.

For the past few years the Elders have labored with great diligence in the North Western and Southern States. Hundreds of missionaries, have been sent out, who have endured every kind of hardship. Some have been killed, others have been scourged and treated barbarously, and others have slept out of doors, being refused food and shelter by the people among whom they labored to warn them of coming judgments. The result has

been that the Spirit has made it plain that the Elders should withdraw from several of the states, the people having rejected the message of salvation sent unto them and refused to listen to the voices of the servants of God.

Throughout Great Britain and Scandinavia, where the Elders in former times were most successful in gathering out converts, the same spirit of indifference and unbelief and hardness of heart is also manifest. This is the case more especially in Great Britain. It seems as though those Gentile nations were fast falling into the condition of the Jews when Paul and the other Apostles felt compelled to no longer attempt to speak to them, but to turn their attention to the Gentiles.

While this is the condition of the Gentiles, a remarkable spirit of faith has seemed to manifest itself among the descendants of the House of Israel. On the Sandwich Islands, in New Zealand, on the Samoan group, where, as is fully believed by the Elders who have labored among those people, nations reside who are pure descendants of the House of Israel, our Elders have been remarkably successful. A spirit of belief is shown, the message of salvation is quickly listened to and received, and hundreds and thousands are being added to the Church. It is the same with the descendants of Israel on this continent. Where the Elders have an opportunity of visiting and explaining to them the principles of the gospel, their hearts seem to be prepared for the message. They declare that they have had remarkable manifestations to prepare them for the coming of the servants of God. It seems plain that there is a power working with them to inspire their hearts with faith in the work of God, their attention having been directed, as they say, by supernatural personages to the "Mormons" and the religion which they believe and teach. There have been a number of cases of this kind that have come to our knowledge, which go to prove that God is fulfilling the promises that He made to the ancestors of this race. The covenants which He made

with them are coming up in remembrance before Him.

In connection with this, it is worthy of remark that many of the Jews are being strangely moved upon, and their eyes are being directed to the land of promise. Unusual liberties have been extended of late to settlers in the land of Palestine, and there is every indication at the present time that a day of greater freedom will soon dawn in its fullness upon that once favored portion of our globe. It is understood now that land can be purchased which a short time ago no title could be obtained for, as a government edict prevented its transfer. I see, also, that a project is on foot to build a railroad from Jaffa to Jerusalem. The Elders who are laboring in these regions write hopefully. There is a great field for missionary efforts among those nationalities which have not yet heard the gospel.

It appears that the time must soon come when a gathering place for those who obey the gospel in those regions must be appointed, so that they can be taught the principles of righteousness in a body and not be left in their scattered condition. The disposition manifested in the United States against our emigration which comes from Europe would be greatly intensified, doubtless, if we were to bring the peoples of the Orient to our land. The cry which has been raised against polygamy would, it is probable, be much stronger against such a movement, and we would be accused of bringing in polygamous hordes from Turkey and from adjacent regions, to perpetuate our system of marriage and to fasten it upon the United States. It is probable, in view of this, that when the converts in the Orient become sufficiently numerous to make it necessary for them to gather together, a place will have to be selected, probably in Palestine itself, that will be suitable for this grand purpose, and a Stake or Stakes of Zion be organized there. It may be necessary, in the progress of events, for experienced Elders, with their families, to go from Zion to the land of Jerusalem to help

lay the foundation of the work there in teaching these people the arts of true civilization, from which they have fallen through the transgressions of their fathers.

There is a great and an unbounded work yet to be performed in the salvation of the children of men by the Elders of this Church. The Lord told His people in the beginning of the work in these last days that they were laying the foundation of a great work—how great they knew not. And no doubt the same may be said today. Nearly sixty years have passed, and we have but a very narrow conception of the grandeur of this work in which we are engaged and the manner in which it will spread from land to land and from nation to nation, until the earth will be prepared for the coming of our Lord and Savior Jesus. The Lord's operations are not confined to one corner of the earth; but His providence is over the whole human family and embraces men and women of every race and every nationality, and He will fulfill all the words that He has spoken concerning Zion and Jerusalem, concerning the Gentiles and the descendants of the House of Israel, concerning this continent and the continent of Asia and the other parts of the earth.

In view of all these great events which are to take place, our hearts should swell with thanksgiving and praise to God our eternal Father for His mercy and goodness unto us, His children, in permitting us to live in a day when He is doing such mighty works, and in permitting us to take part in their accomplishment.

The Editor.



PEOPLE are always talking about originality; but what do they mean? As soon as we are born, the world begins to work upon us; and this goes on to the end. And after all, what can we call our own, except energy, strength and will? If I could give an account of all that I owe to great predecessors and contemporaries, there would be but a small balance in my favor.

Goethe.

SWEET IS THE WORK.

WORDS BY WATTS.

MUSIC BY JNO. MCCLELLAN, JR.



Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal care shall seize my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless His works, and bless His word:
Thy works of grace how bright they shine—
How deep Thy counsels—how divine!

But oh! what triumph shall I raise
To Thy dear name, through endless days,

When in the realms of joy I see
Thy face in full felicity.

Sin, my worst enemy before,
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more;
My inward foes shall all be slain,
Nor Satan break my peace again.

Then shall I see and hear and know
All I desired and wished below,
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

DAISY'S PRAYER.

DIMPLED hands in meekness folded,
Brown eyes veiled 'neath silken fringe,
Tangled curls of chestnut, radiant
With the sunset's rosy tinge.

"Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me,
Bless Thy little lambs tonight.
Through the darkness be Thou near me,
Watch my sleep till morning light."

Then the little suppliant pleaded,
Adding, "Please bless brother Ben,
Papa, mamma, everybody
In the world 'cept Lou. Amen."

"Daisy darling, our good Father
Very dearly loveth you,

And all little ones,"—she answered,
"All the little ones 'cept Lou."

A confession quite reluctant
From her little heart I drew,
Of the trifling disagreement
'Twixt herself and cousin Lou.

If we older grown, and wiser,
Had our childish frankness kept,
Oft our lips in prayer would utter
Daisy's naughty word, "except."

And God's wide, exhaustless mercy,
Upon sinful, selfish grounds,
We would circumscribe in limits
To our little, narrow bounds.

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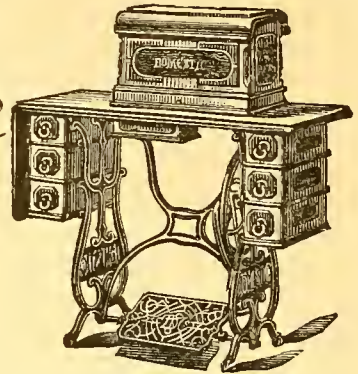
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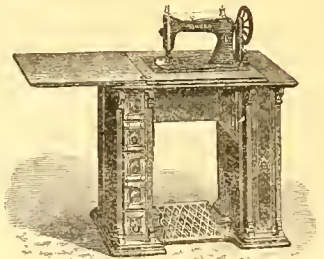
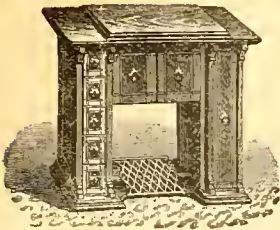
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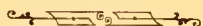
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III. Articles to be written with ink and only on one side of the paper.

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VI. Each competitor to write the names of three persons residing in Salt Lake City, whom he or she would like to act as judges of the pieces. From the persons thus named will be selected the parties to award the prizes. (This rule is not imperative.)

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The above prize articles will be used for the benefit of the readers of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

GEORGE Q. CANNON,

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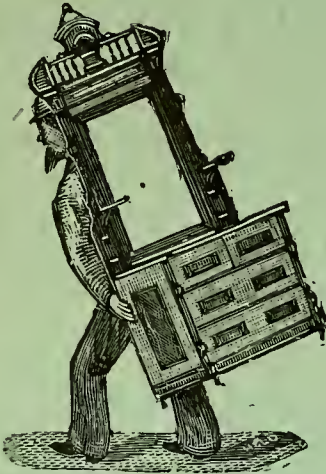
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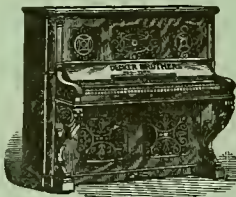
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